

¶ Here begynneth

a litell treatise of the knight of Curtesp
and the lady of Faguell,

¶



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7





A faguell a fayre countre
A great lorde somtyme dyd dwell
Which had a lady so fayre and fre
That all men good of her dyd tel

E fayre and pleasaunt she was in sight
Gentyl and ampyable in eche degre
Chasse to her lorde bothe day and nyght
As is the turtill vpon the tre

All men her loued bothe yonge and olde
For her vertue and gentylnesse

Also in that lande was a knight bolde

Ryght wyse and ful of doughtinesse

All men spake of his hardynesse

Ryche and pooze of eche degre

So that they called him doutlesse

The noble knyght of curtesy

This knight so curtesy was and bolde

That the lorde herde ther of anone

He sayd that speke with him he wolde

For hym the messengere is gone

Wyth a letter vnto this knight

And sayd sye I pray god you se

My lorde of faguell you sendeth ryght

An hundred folde gretynge by me

He praiseth you in all hastynge

To come in his court for to dwell

And ye shal take no maner of thynge

As townes towres and many a castell

The curtesy knight was some content

And in all dilygence that might be

faguell.

a.ii.

With the messyngere anon he went.
This lord to serue with humylite
E fast they rode bothe day and nyght.
Tyll he into the lord was come
And tohan the lord of hym had a sight.
Right frendly he did him welcome
E he gaue hym towenes castelles & towres
Whereof all other had enuye
They thought to reue him his honour &
By some treason & trechery
✱ This lady of whome I spake befoze.
Seyng this knight so good and kynde.
Afoze all men that euer were boze
She set on hym her herte and mynde.
E his paramour she thought to be
Hym soz to loue with herte and mynde.
Nat in byce but in chastyte.
As chyliden that together are kynde
✱ This knight also curteyse and wyse
With herte and mynde bothe serme and fast.
Loud this lady withouten byse
Whiche tyll they dyed dyd euer laste
E Both night and day these lours true
Suffred great paine wo and greuaunce
Howe eche to other theyz minde might thewe
Tyll at the last by a sodaine chaunce
✱ This knight was in a garden grene
And thus began him to complayne
Alas he sayd with murnynge eyen
Now is my herte in wo and payne

from

From mournynge can I nat restryne
This ladyes loue dothe me so wounde
I feare she hath of me disdayne
With that he fell downe to the grounde
¶ The lady in a wyndowe laye
With herte colde as any stone
She wost nat what to do nor saye
Whan she herde the knightes mone
¶ Soe sighed that lady of renowne
In her face was no colour founde
Than into the gardein came she downe
And sawe this knight lye on the grounde
¶ Whan she sawe hym lye so for her sake
Her herte was almost gone
To her comferte she none take
But in swoone fell downe hym upon
* So sadly that the knight awoke
And whan that he sawe her so nere
To hym comferte anon he toke
And began the lady for to chere
¶ He sayd lady and loue alas
In to this cure who hath you brough
She sayd my loue and my solas
Your beaute standeth so in my thought
* That yf I had no worldly make
Neuer none should haue my herte but ye
The knight sayd lady for your sake
I shal you loue in chastyte
* Our loue he sayde shal be none other
But chaste and true as is betwene

Faguell,

A.iii.

3

A goodly syster and a brother
For luste our bodys to kepe clene
✠ And where so euer my body be
Bothe day and night at euery tyme
My simple herte in chastite
Shall euer more lady with you abide
✧ This lady white as any floure
Replete with feminine chamefastnesse
Begyn to chaunge her late coloure
And to hym sayd my loue doubtlesse
¶ Under suche forme I shal you loue
With saythful herte in chastite
Next vnto god that is aboue
Bothe in welthe and aduersete
✧ Eche of them kyssed other truly
But euer alas ther was a so
Behynde the wall them to espye
Whiche after tozned them to muche wo
¶ Out of the garden whan they were gone
Eche from other dyd departe
Awayne was all theyr wofull moine
The one had lyghted the others herte
✧ Than this sype of whome I tolde
Whiche stode behinde the garden wall
Wente vnto his lordes ful bolde
And sayd for wele you I shall
¶ By your garden as I was walkynge
I herde the knight of curtesye
Which with your lady was talkinge
Of loue vnlawfull ppyely

Therfore

Therfore p^rye suffice him for to p^rocede
w^{ith} your lady to haue his loue
He shal bee lede to you in dede
Or elles they bothe shal you distrope
* Whan than the lord had vnderstande
The wordes that the s^pye him tolde
He swaie he wolde ryde him fro that
where he neuer so stronge and bolde
The swaie an othe by god almyghte
That he woulde hewe be glade to ryde
while that knyght was in his sight
Tyl that he by some means were slaine
+ Than let he do ryde a fele
For euery man that thider wolde come
For euery man bothe in doot and let
Thyder came lordes bothe olde and yonge
* The lord was at the table set
And his lady by him that side
The knyght of curtesy anon was set
And set downe on the other syde
The^r hartes shoulde haue be wo begone
If they had knowen the lordes thought
But whan that they were s^pll echone
The lord these wordes anon forth brought
* My thynke it is syttinge for a knyght
For auentures to enquyre
And nat thus bothe day and night
At home to sojourne by the fyre
The^rfore sy^r knyght of curtesye
This thinge wyl I you counseyll

To

For to go throughte the countre
To seeke adventures for your auayle
¶ As vnto rades for to fight
The chausen fapth for to mayntayne
To serue by armes your sojce and myght
In Lombardy, Portyngeale & in Spayne
✽ Then spake the knyght to the lord anon
For your sake may I adventure my lyfe
Whether euer I come agayne or none
And for my ladyes sake your wyfe
¶ If I dyd nat I were to blame
Than sighed the lady with that woide
In dolour depe her herte was fane
And soe wounded as with a sworde
✽ Than after dynner the knyght did go
His horse and harnesse to make redy
The woful lady came him vnto
And to him sayd right piteously
¶ Alas yf ye go I must complayne
Alone as a wofull creature
If that ye be in batayle slayne
On lyue may I not endure
✽ Alas unhappy creature
Where shal I go where shal I byde
Of dethe sothely now am I sure
And all worldly ioye I shal set a syde
¶ A payre of spere shan dyd she take
And cut of her here bothe yelow and bright
Where this than sayd she for my sake
Upon your helme moche surysse knyght

I shall dere lady for your sake
This knyght sayd with styl mozninge
No comforte to him coude he take
Nor abstaine him fro perfounde syghinge
C For grete pyte I can not wyte
The sorowe that was betwene them two
Also I haue to small respyte
For to declare theyr payne and wo
✽ The wofull departinge and complayne
That was betwene these louers twayne
Was neuer man that coude detain
So wofull did they complayne
C The teares ran from theyr eyen twayne
For doloure whan they did departe
The lady in her castell did remaine
Wyth langour replenysht was her herte
✽ Now leue we here this lady bryght
Wythin her castel makinge her mone
And tourne we to the curteys knyght
Whiche on his Journey forth is gone
C Unto hym selfe this knyght sayd he
Agaynst the chypstren I wyt not fyght
But to the rodez wyl I go
Them to susteyne with all my myght
✽ Than did he her heere unfolde
And on his helme it set on hye
Wyth rede thredes of ryche golde
Whiche he had of his lady
C Full richely his Melde was wrought
Wyth asure stones and beven golde

B.i.

But

But on his lady was his tohught
The yelo we heare whan he dyd beholde
¶ Than forth he rode by dale and downe
After auentures to enquire
By many a castel rpe and towne
All to batayl was his desyre
¶ In euery Justyng where he came
None so good as he was founde
In euery place the pryce he wan
And smote his aduersaryes to the grounde
¶ So whan he came to Lumberdye
Ther was a dragon ther aboute
Whych he did great hurt and bylanke
Bothe man and best of hym had doubte
¶ As this knight rode there alone
Saue onely his page by his syde
For his lady he began to mone
Soze syghynge as he vñ rde
† Alas he sayd my lady swete
God wote in what case ye be
God wote whan we two shal mete
I feare that I shal neuer you se
† Than as he lokyd hym a bonte
Towarde a hyl that was so hye
Of this dragon he harde a shoute
Yonder is a feast he sayd truly
¶ The knight him blessyd & forth he dyd go
And sayd I shal do my trawyle
Betyde me well betyde me wo
The fyers fynde I shal assyle

¶ Than

Than wyth the dragon dyd he meate
 wohan the him sawe the gaped wyde
 He toke good hede as ye may wete
 And quykely sterted a lytle a syde
He drew his swerde like a knyght
 This dragon fyerly to assaile
 He gaue her strokes ful of myght
 Stronge and mortall was the batayle
The dragon gaue this knyght a wounde
 wyth his tayle vpon the heed
 that he fell downe vnto the grounde
 In a sowne as he had ben deed
So at the last he rose agayne
 And made his mone to god almyght
 And to our lady he dyd compleyne
 theyr helpe desyringe in that fyght
 than sterte he wyth a fayrse courage
 vnto the dragon without fayle
 He loked so for his aduauntage
 that he smote of her tayle
Than began the dragon soz to yell
 And tourned her vpon her syde
 the knyght was ware of her right well
 And in her bodi made his sworde to syde
So that the could nat remeue seartly
 the knyght that seinge approached nere
 And smote her heed of lyghtly
 than was he escaped that daungere
 ♣ Than thanked he god of his grace
 Whiche by his goodnes and merceye

B.ii.

Hym

Hynd had preserued in that place
Through vertue of hys derte
¶ Than went he to a nonre there besyde
And there a surge and by his arte
Heled his woundes that were so wyde
And than fro thens he dyd departe
✧ To warde the rodes for to fyght
In bataill as he had vndertake
The sayth to susteyne with all his might
For his promysse he wil not breke
¶ Than of sarazyns there was a route
All redy armen and in aray
That syged the rodes round aboute
Fperly agaynst the good fredaye
✧ The knight was welcomed of echone
That within the cyte were
They prouided forth batayle anon
So for this time I leue them there
¶ And tourne to his lady bryght
Which is at home wyth woofull mone
Sore moyned both day and night
Sayenge alas my loue is gone
✧ Alas she sayd my gentyl knight
For your sake is my herte ful sore
Myght I ones of you haue a syght
Afore my dethe I desyre no more
¶ Alas what treson or enuye
Hath made my loue fro me to go
I thynke my lordes for I re truley
By treason him to deth hath do.

alas

Alas my lord ye were to blame
Thus my loue for to betraye
It is to you a right great shame
Sythe that our loue was cast alwaye
Our loue was cleue in chastyte
wchout synne syl to endure
We neuer intended bylanpe
Alas moost curteyse creature
* Where do ye dwell where do ye hyde
wold god I knewe where you to fynde
Wher euer ye go where euer ye ride
Loue ye shal neuer out of my mynde
Deth where art thou so longe frome
Come and departe me fro this paine
For dead and buried til I be
fro morning can I nat refraine
* fare wel dere loue, where euer ye be
Bi you pleasure is fro me gone
Unto the time I may you se
without comforte still must I mone
Thus this lady of coloure clere
Alone mourninge did complaine
Nothinge coulde her comforte ne chere
So was she oppressed with wo and paine
* So leue we her here in this traine
for her loue mourninge alwaye
and to the knight tourne we againe
which at Rodes abideth the day
Of bataile, so whan the dare was come
The knyghtes armed them echeone

B, iii.

and

And out of the citie wente all and some
Strongly to fight with goddes sone
Cf aire and semely was the sight
To se them redy vnto the warre
there was many a man of might
That to that bataile was come full farre
✠ The knight of curtesy came into the felde
well armed right fast did ride
Both knightes and barans him behelde
How comely he was on eche side
C Aboue the helme bpon his hede
was set with many a pzeious stone
The comely heare as golde so rede
Better armed than he was none
✠ Than the trumpettes began to sounde
The speres ranue and bzake the raze
the noyse of gonnes did rebounde
In this metinge there was no plaie
C Great was the bataile on eueri side
the knight of curtesy was nat behinde
He smore all downe that wolde abide
His mache coulde he no where finde
✠ There was a Sarazin stronge & wight
that at this knight had great enuye
He ran to him with all his might
and said traitour I thee defie
C They raune together with speres longe
anone the Sarazin lay on the grounde
The knight drew out his sword so stronge
and smote his head of in that stounde
than

Than came twelue Sarazins in a rought
and the knight did soze assaile

So they beset him rounde aboute

There began a stronge bataile

The knight kest foure vnto the grounde

with foure strokes by and by

the other gaue him many a wounde

For they did euer multiplie

They laide on him on euery side

with cruell strokes and mortall

They gaue him woundes so depe and wide

that to the grounde downe did he fall

The Sarazins went and les him lye

with mortall woundes pittrous to se

He called his page hastely

and said my time is come to die

In mi herte is so depe a wounde

that I must dye without naye

But o thou me burie in the grounde

Of one thinge I thee praye

Out of mi body to cut my herte

and wrappe it in this yelowe here

And whan thou doest from hence departe

unto my lady thou do it here

This promise thou me without delay

to bere my lady this present

And burie mi body in the crosse waie

the page was sozpy and dolent

The knight yelded by the goost anone

the page him buried as he had him bad

and

And towarde faguell is he gone
The herte, and here, with him he had
Somtime he went sometime he ran
With wolfull mone and sozpy Aest
Till vnto faguell he came
Here to a castell in a fozeft
✱ The lord of faguell without let
was in the fozeft with his meyne
with this page anone he met
Page he said what tidinges with thee
With thi maistr how is the case
Shew me lightli o: thou go
O: thou shalt neuer out of this place
The page was a fearde whan he said so
✱ The page for feare that he had
the herte vnto the lord he toke tho
In his courage he was full sad
He toke the herte to him also
He tolde him trothe of eueri thinge
How that the knight in batayle was slaine
and howe he sent his lady that thunge
for a speciall token of loue certaine
✱ The lord therof toke good hede
And behelde the herte that high presente
their loue he said was bothe in dede
they were bothe in great tozment
Than home is he to the kechin gone
Toke he said herken vnto me
Dresse me this herte and that anone
In the deintiest wise that may be

Make

Thank it were and besygate to eate
for it is for my lady bryght
If that she wylt what were the meate
Sothely her hert wolde not be lyght
✱ Therof sayd the lord full trewe
That meat was doleful and mortall
So though the lady whan she it knewe
Than went the lord into the hall
Anone the lord to meate was set
And this lady nat farre him fro
The hert anone he made be set
Wherof proceded muche wo
Madame eate herof he sayd
for it is deyntheous and plesaunte
The lady eate and was not dismayde
for of good sppee there dyd none wante
✱ Whan the lady had eaten wele
Anone to her the lord sayd there
His herte haue ye eaten euery dele
To whome you gaue your yelow here
Your knight is dead as you may se
I tell you lady certaynly
His owne herte eaten haue ye
Madame at the last we all must dye
✱ whan the lady herde him so say
She sayd my herte for wo shall brast
Alas that euer I sawe this day
Now may my lyfe no lenger last
Up she rose wyth hert full wo
And streight vp into her chambye wente

V.i.

She

She confessed her belouschys
And shortly receyued the sacrament
¶ In her bedmourning she her layde
God wofe ryght wofull was her mone
Alas myne owne dere loue she sayd
Syth ye be dead my toye is gone
¶ Haue I eaten thy herte in my body
That meate to me shal be full dere
For sorowe alas now must I dye
A noble knight withouten fere
¶ That herte shal certayne with me dye
I haue receiued theron the sacrament
All erthly fode here I denye
For wo and paine my life is spent
¶ My lord and husbnde full of cruelte
Why haue you done this cursed dede
Ye haue him slaine so haue ye me
The hie god graunte to you your mede
¶ Than sayd the lord my lady saye
Forgiue me if I haue misdane
I repent I was nat ware
That ye wolde your herte oppresse so sore
¶ The lady sayd I you forgiue
Adew my lord for euermore
My time is come I may not lue
The lord sayd I am wo therfore
¶ Great was the sorowe of more and lesse
Bothe lordes and ladies that were there
Some for great wo souned doubtlesse
All of her dethe full wofull were

Her complaynt pyteous was to here
I dieu my lord no we muste we discuer
I dye to you husbände a true wedded fere
As any in faguell was found ener
¶ I am clene of the knyght of curtesy
And wrongfully are we brought to confusio
I am clene for hym and he for me
And for all other saue you alone
✱ My lord ye were to blame truly
His herte to make me for to eate
But sythe it is buryed in my body
On it shall I neuer eate other meate
¶ Theron haue I recyued eternall fode
Erthly meate wyl I neuer none
Now Jesu that was don on the rode
Haue mercy on me my lyle is gone
✱ Wyth that the lady in all theyr syght
Yelded vp her spyr it makinge her none
The hyghe god moost of myght
On vs haue mercy and vs echone
¶ And byynge vs to that glozvous throne
To see the ioye of Paradyse
Whiche god graunte to vs echone
and to the reders & herers of this treatyse.

¶ Thus eneth this lytle treatyse of the
knyght of curtesy & of the fayre lady
of faguell.

¶ Imprinted at London by me
Wylliam Copland.